

## welcome to the family by imasloppybitch

**Series:** [my friends they are enough \[6\]](#)

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Double Dating, F/M, M/M, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris Are Best Friends, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, new relationships, some minor nsfw dialogue but it's mostly a joke

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eddie Kaspbrak, Patricia Blum Uris, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Patricia Blum Uris/St Stanley Uris

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**Summary:**

Stan's falling pretty hard for Patty, so he asks Richie & Eddie to go on a double date w/ them. Probably a bad idea, but he wants his best friends and girlfriend to get along.

also i wrote a double date fic w/o actually putting any of the date in here. it's all the post-date drop off conversation :)

(modern times, college-aged losers)

## welcome to the family

“Thank you so much, guys, it was so nice meeting you,” Patty said, turning to look at Eddie and Richie in the backseat.

“Oh it was-” Eddie started.

“Don’t worry about it, dollface, I’ve got to let you know, I didn’t trust you at first, I don’t trust anybody with my Stannie, but I’m glad you’re my future sister-in-law. Welcome to the family, Pats.”

“Beep beep, Richie,” Eddie said quickly.

“Excuse him,” Stan said, rolling his eyes. He didn’t even look embarrassed. Ah, the trouble of getting used to Richie. At least Patty was blushing. Smiling too, though. Richie did think she’d actually fit in. “You don’t have to learn to like him, but you’ll get used to him. And thankfully, he’s *not* my brother.”

“Oh, poor Staniel, I really am the bane of your existence, aren’t I?”

“You sure are,” Stan said, not trying to hide his smile.

“Well, Patsie, let me walk you in,” Richie said with a grin.

“*I* can walk you to your house,” Stan huffed.

Richie rolled his eyes and unbuckled his seat belt to lean up between their seats. “Well, can I at least get a goodnight kiss for being such a good date?”

“You were my date!” Eddie said, slapping Richie’s side playfully.

Patty chuckled and held her hand up close to his face, saying, “You may kiss my hand.”

Richie planted a loud kiss on her hand, both of them laughing. She shook her head fondly and said, “It really has been a pleasure. It was nice meeting you.” She turned to look back at Eddie and added, “You too, Eddie. It was so nice meeting you, Eddie.”

“I like this one,” Richie said, leaning back into his seat again.

Eddie laughed and said, “Thanks for coming out, Patty. It was a lot of fun, we’ll do it again if Richie can learn to scale it back for a night.”

Stan huffed out a laugh and turned to Patty. “Come on, darling, I’ll walk you in.”

“Darling,” Richie chuckled when Stan and Patty both closed their doors. Eddie rolled his eyes fondly and unbuckled his seat before climbing between the front seats, settling into the passenger side.

“It sure is cuter than Spaghetti Man,” Eddie huffed.

“Well at least my pet names are sentimental.” Richie said.

He looked out his window and saw the couple holding hands. As soon as Stan leaned in for the kiss, Richie reached up over the driver’s seat and scrambled to honk the horn, Eddie quickly pushing him away. He did get one quick, loud burst of a honk out. Richie and Eddie were laughing, Stan was holding his middle finger out towards the car. He kissed Patty again and she quickly went back into her house.

“Damn, Stan, you’ve officially earned the title of *Stan the Man*, haven’t you?” Richie said as soon as Stan opened the driver side door.

“Shit, Richie, do you *ever* shut up?” Stan laughed, buckling himself in and taking off. “You’re literally the worst, I’m never going on a double date with you again, not ever.”

“Oh, geeze, Richie, you ruined it for both of us,” Eddie teased, looking back at Richie and sticking his tongue out.

“C’mom, she loved me! Didn’t she?”

“That’s because she doesn’t know you’re like this *all the time*,” Stan said, his words punctuated with a slowness that expressed a feigned annoyance.

“Well, let her make her mind up on her own, you’ve got to start bringing her along more.”

“You should!” Eddie said, “She’s got to meet everybody.”

“I’m definitely not ready for her to meet everybody yet.”

“Well you started her out with the worst of us,” Eddie said, pointing back towards Richie, who then reached forward and slapped at his hand.

“I’m driving!” Stan said, elbowing Richie’s arm blindly. “No homoerotic wrestling until we’re parked.”

“What about a red light?” Richie shot back.

“Actually, no. No homoerotic wrestling in my car. Period.”

“Oh Stan, you never let us do anything fun,” Richie faux whined.

“You should bring her around,” Eddie said, ignoring the bickering. “What about the annual Christmas party?”

“She’s not going to a *Christmas* party, Eddie,” Richie laughed. “We don’t have a *Christmas* party.”

“Shit, holiday, sorry.”

“It’s fine, Richie likes to point out how Jewish I am more than I do,” Stan shook his head fondly. “But no, absolutely not. Plus, the holiday party is during Hanukkah this year, remember? I’m not dragging her away from her family. They’ll think we’re... like ready to go to each other’s houses for holidays.”

“You’re not?” Eddie asked, he asked quickly because he knew he’d ask in a kinder way than Richie.

“You don’t rush things with a girl like that,” Stan said quietly. “At least, you don’t let her family think you’re rushing things.”

“Ooooooh,” Richie called with a laugh. “Stanely’s got it *bad* !”

“I do,” Stan admitted. “But I mean, how could I not?”

“Good point, she’s some *hot stuff*, ” Richie agreed.

“She’s no stuff,” Stan huffed. “And she’s more than just hot.”

“Oh you really do have it bad, huh?” Richie teased.

“Oh shut up, Rich.” Eddie said, rolling his eyes.

“I’m happy for him!” Richie defended himself. He patted Stan’s shoulder over the seat and said, “I’m happy for you, man, I am! That’s awesome. Patty seems like a real stand-up girl.”

“She is,” Stan hummed.

“Hey, if she hurts you, though, I’m not afraid to beat the shit out of a girl.”

“Wow, so tough, babe,” Eddie teased.

“Stan’s *sensitive* ! I’ve got to protect him!”

“Please don’t ever say that again,” Stan said with a sigh. He pulled up to the curb in front of Richie’s house and said, “Now get out and leave me alone.”

“Oh, don’t push away my love,” Richie said, he reached up and patted Stan’s hair, messing it up as much as he could before Stan pushed his hand away.

“Get the fuck out of here,” Stan said with a laugh.

“Yeah, yeah, we’re leaving,” Richie laughed. “It was real nice meeting Patty though, I’m honored you invited us.”

“Don’t get sentimental on me now, Trashmouth. I only invited you because I wanted Eddie there.”

“Ha! I knew it!” Eddie laughed. He unbuckled his seat and said, “It was fun, Stan. Let Patty know we loved her.”

“Yeah, sure. Thanks for coming out.”

Richie got out of the car. Almost as soon as he closed his door, he tapped on Stan’s window.

“What is it, Richie?” Stan asked as he rolled down his window.

“Aren’t you gonna kiss me goodnight for being such a good date?”

“Beep beep,” Stan said, putting his window back up without another word, but he and Richie did exchange a smile before Richie walked past the car and Stan drove away.

Richie took Eddie’s hand, swinging it playfully as they walked in the house and up to Richie’s room.



"I really did like her," Richie hummed after a quiet moment.

"Yeah, well hopefully you didn't blow it for Stan."

"Oh, no, I'll leave that to Patty."

"Gross." Eddie wrinkled his nose.

"You think they'll get married?"

"Richie! They *just* started dating."

Richie hummed thoughtfully and shrugged. After a quiet moment, he said, "I think they'll get married."

"You're more of a romantic than people give you credit for. Than *I* give you credit for."

"Well I'm an *artist*, Eds."

Eddie rolled his eyes and said, "You're an attention whore who makes dick jokes on stage, and you're good at it, don't get me wrong, babe, but please don't call yourself an artist for it."

Richie smiled and stepped closer to Eddie, wrapping his arms around his waist, saying, "I want to yell at you for it, but you calling me a whore really did something for me there."

"Ew," Eddie laughed, but he reached up and put his arm around Richie's neck.

"Don't kinkshame me!"

"Okay, no, no babe, I'm not kinkshaming you, but you can not innitiate sex that way, that's a very unsexy way of doing it."

"Okay, okay," Richie said, He raised his brow playfully and said, "Is that more degradation? Is that what we're doing now?"

"No," Eddie chuckled. "Still very unsexy. Plus, your breath smells like that weird cheese you ate."

Richie pouted a little. Eddie pecked his lips and said, "Let's get ready for bed. See if we can refine that seduction technique after your brush your teeth."